

Refusing to Be a Gentleman

Today I want to write that,

I refuse to be a gentleman.

The reason I am taking this decision is because,

I aspire to be a gentle human.

I no more want to speak out of a man's mouth.

No matter how long I will be wearing like a man;

There will be no way I will be acting like a man.

This is not because I am ashamed of being a man,

It is because I reject:

The creation of gentleman

The world of masculinity

Hegemony on everything under its gender identity

It is bizarre, backward, disgraced form of living.

No men,

No, we are not the owners of this world.

We cannot do whatever we want to do;

We can only do what gentle humans need to do.

I am not sorry to say that,

I am excluding myself from being a gentleman.

I am now including myself into the pot of gentle humans.

Let's See Who Likes What Kind of Weather

Everyone has their own weather they like.

And there is a reason why they like it.

Wolf likes misty weather,

Because he focuses on his hunt better.

Thief waits for the dark weather,

Because he does not want people see what he steals.

An acrobat creates the weather he likes,

Because he wants all the eyes on him.

A preacher gets ready for the weather of worship,

Because it is the best time for him to console poor people with religion.

A rogue politician who likes every kind of weather,

Because he lies beautifully at any particular weather.

When it comes to me,

I am at the water of a love weather,

Around her heat and in the flood of emotion,

Breathing briefly.

While You Have Time

Typing is a work of thinking naturally.

Words must be hearty and sometimes naughty!

When you think this world is creepy,

Then you know there is a reason to be silly.

Sing, play and move your body sympathetically.

Watch a movie, kiss your lady and climb up your own tree.

While you have time,

Do not you think to love one?

When you love one,

Why not drinking a glass of wine?

Are not we all living for one?

It is not that hard to hold your pen.

Do not ever let your heart to stop its rain then.

Poet Payment

When the words were ready to be written,
I wrote them on whatever was available.
When I used to work at the restaurant,
I wrote them on a guest check.
After I shopped for my dinner,
I wrote them on a receipt.
I ate something somewhere once,
There was a white linen and I wrote on it.
At the library's coffee shop,
There was a wine colored paper napkin,
I wrote on love with my blue pen.
I have stayed at hotels.
I wrote some lines for the housekeepers as my tip!
They were all my words.
They have been always produced by my heart.
My heart knew what to think and how to imagine.
My heart, ah my heart!
You knew how to hold the pen of love.
You knew how to stitch the scars of my soul.
How am I going to pay for your labor?
Do you want me to wash you with some wine,
Before wrapping with the ashes of my tobacco?
Would that be accepted as poet payment?

Sweet, Smart and Natural

When you want to apply for a job here

You are asked to give your

Social security number

To be checked for your eligibility

By your employer before you are hired.

I also have my own, which is nine digits of number.

A set of unknown characters

Which I do not believe

It represents me better than

What my verbal way of giving my SSN!

When I am asked to repeat by love

I say my first S is how sweet my heart for you.

My second S in this case becomes

How smart my mind to calculate the days

That I have counted to find you.

The code for N is now telling you

How naturally that I am in love with you.

Here you are then,

Above I have written you my SSN.

Without no numbers were given

Could your heart know who I am?

If you feel that is a yes

Do not wait and hire me now then!

